



**The Salamanca Corpus: *The Scottish Lasses Complaint*
(1672-1696)**

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Anonymous

***The Scottish Lasses Complaint for Sawny's [?]: Or,
her Constant Resolution in Distress Eproving him
for Trading in London Misses (1672-1696)***

Sawny's unkindness makes poor Jenny grieve,
Yet he hard-hearted cares not to relieve:
Tho' she her former kindness does declare,
How he to ligg by her did once despair:
The she was kind, but this not moves the Clown,
He doats upon a Miss of London Town:
And slights the harmless soul, but let him know,
That London Misses arm'd with fire below,
Can at once blasthis Main-Mast overthrow.

To a pleasant new Play-house Tune, Or: Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.

**The Salamanca Corpus: The Scottish Lasses Complaint
(1672-1696)**

Sawny was talle, and of noble race,
and lov'd me better then any e'ne;
But now he ligs by another Lass,
and Sawny will ne'r be my love again:
I gave him a fine Scotch Sark and Band,
I gave him House I gave him Land,
I let him angle in my Fish-Ponde
But Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.

I rob'd the Groves of all their store,
and Nosegays made to give Sawny e'ne;
Ye kist me breast, and fain wou'd he more,
geid faith I thought him a bonny e'en:
He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
And carved my name in each green Tree
He sigh'd and he languish'd to ligh by me,
Yet Sawny will ne'r be my love again.

My Bongrace, and my Sunburn'd face,
he prais'd, and also my Russet Gown:
But now he dotes on the Copper-Lace
of some lew'd Queen of London Town:
He gan'd and he gave her Curds & Cream,
whilst I poor saul sat sighing at h'eme,
I'se ne'r joy'd Sawny, but in a dream,
And Sawny will ne'r be my love again.

When last he did croak my freckled Cheek,
and chuck'd me coyly under the chin;
I'se found methought an unusual dislike,
how his kindness to start did begin:
It was not like what he swore he'd design'd,
but my wishes and sighs are all vain,
For his words are unconstant as Wind,
And Sawny will ne'r be my love again.

When as on the Primrose bank we lay,
toying and tricking with each other,
He wantonly with my hair wou'd play,
and then with a kiss his passion smother:
Ye thought it a bliss to ligg by me,
and that I lov'd him above each Swain:
And often he prais'd my Legg and Theigh,
But Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.

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Geid Faith we often talk'd of bliss,
yet I'se ne'r joy'd it but in a Song:
And now and then an amorous Riss,
to pass the tedious time along:
Which kept me from my so often wish,
but all my hopes and thoughts are vain,
For now he seeds on another Dish,
And Sawny will ne'r be my love again.

He gangs with a Miss of the Town whole [?],
with peinting and patchings made so fine,
Tho' otherwise she's void of grace,
and Sawny will never more be mine:
Tho' I have often gin him Cream,
with Strawberries pluck'd on the Plain,
And oft with whey have feasted his Wem,
Yet Sawny will ne'r be my love again.

I Filberts pluckt from every Tree,
and Chesnuts gave him many a score:
That he'd be kind and ligg by me,
but now I can hope for my Sawny no more.
He swore and vow's he'd ever be mine,
But now I see he did but feign,
And false-hearted man did my ruin design,
For Sawny will ne'r be my love again.

Yet tho' he's false, I'll constant prove,
no Lad shall ever ligg by me,
Tho's he's unkind, yet still I'll love,
and Sawny shall my bonny be:
And I'll think I clasp him in my arms,
tho' such fine knacks are onely vain:
And so conceit to lull with charms,
that Sawny may once be my love again.

Least I with his cruel usage pine,
to think he doats on a filthy Quean,
That lovely Sawny that once was mine,
to me more precious then any e'ne:
I'll think of him tho' he's unkind,
and former he's sickle as the wind.
Yet Sawny may once be my love again.